NEWS AND CITIZEN.

VOL. XIII. NO. 4.

MORRISVILLE AND HYDE PARK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1885.

TERMS \$1.50.

For Sale!

FARMS. Village Residences, Building Lots. Timber Lots,

Store, Etc., Etc.

My Calf Skin Business is absorbing my capital, time and attention, and, having decided to close out all of my other branches of business as well as my miscellaneous personal property and real estate, I offer for sale all the land I own except that occupied in my business and my dwelling, and will dispose of same at very low figures and on easy terms of

The Following is a Partial List of my

One 250-Acre Farm with fair dwelling, barns, sheds, etc., suitably divided into tillage, pasture, wood, timber, sugar place and apple orchard; running water at house and barn, school house on land that was formerly part of the farm. saw-mill within one-third mile, soil strong and productive, and farm would be regarded worth \$3,000 as farms are selling. Will sell it for \$2,000-500 down, bal-

One 50-Acre Farm, fair buildings, good water, good soil; price \$750-250 down, balance 50 per year.

One 5-Acre Farm near Hyde Park village, suitable for a laboring man who wishes to keep a cow and raise his own vegetables; price \$500-150 down,

One Dwelling House in Hyde Park village, location good, buildings new and good size; price \$1,000-300 down, balance 50 per year.

Sixteen Acres of Land just out of Hyde Park village-a choice desirable. meadow, not one-half acre in the piece but what is good; price \$30 per acre by measure, Will sell part or all.

Several Good Building Lots in Hyde Park village. To enterprising and industrious young men who can raise 200 dollars to put into land and labor, I will furnish the timber, lumber, stone, brick, nails, glass, doors, sash, shingle and lime, wherewith to build respectable houses, and allow payment therefor to be made in \$25 semi-annual payments. Land in parcels of one, two and three scres will be sold on favorable terms to those who want land with same near by Price of lots, \$75, \$100, \$125 and \$150 each,

One Store in Hyde Park village, known as the "Corner Store," or "Page's Block." It is rented for five years at two hundred dollars per year, but arrangements can probably be made to have the lease vacated if desired. Price. \$2,000-\$500 down, balance \$100 per year.

Sixty Acres Timber Land in Johnson. This lot is lease land and not subject to taxation, but is subject to an annual rental of \$12. Will sell my equity for \$125. I never saw the lot, but am informed that it is within two miles of a sawmill, no bad hills between mill and lot, and is represented to me to be chean for any man desiring a logging job. Terms, \$50 down-\$25 in one and \$25 in two years, two dollars per M. stumpage reserved until I am paid.

One Timber Let of about one hundred acres, lying on the banks of the and others carrying stores into it. mill pond which supplies the new H. S. Haskins mill in Hyde Park. Price \$300 -\$100 down, 25 per year. Two dollars per M. stumpage reserved till lot is

One Building Lot in Belmont, Mass., within a few rods of both the Vt. and of exploring an ant-hill, and making up Mess, and the Fitchburg depots at Waverly. Price \$400-100 down, balance 50

An examination of the property will show I believe that I have placed valuation much below what good judges would appraise it, but I am determined to self, he made bold to ask if he might be that the winged insects were kings and power; and if it were not for their close it out and relieve myself of the care of it at the earliest moment practicable, allowed to see over the nest, The Parties desiring safe and paying investments will find this property well worth guards conversed for a moment, and mon workers. their examination. To such as want for their own use either of the parcels of real estate above offered, I confidently recommend AS CHEAP any one of the above looking ant, who said: "The queen has described lots.

CARROLL S. PAGE.

Hyde Park, Vt., Feb 2, 1885.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"It's the strangest thing that ever I knew, And the most provoking 'twixt me and you And a woman who's got a man like me, A good provider, and steady and free With all her folks, with funds salted down, And as fine a house as any in town, To be lamenting 'cause one child in ten Ain't quite as good as he might have been.

"It's a pretty good showing, it seems to me That only a tenth of the lot should be A little off color, and that's what I say To their mother twenty times a day. Put I can't make her see it in that light And she listens and waits night after night For the sound of his step, till I grow so wild That I almost curse both mother and child.

"She ought to live for the others, you know, And let the tormenting vagabond go, And follow his ways and take the pain; But I turn him out and she calls him again. This makes a hardness between her and me. And the worst of it is, the children agree That I'm in the right. You'd pity her then: Such times I think I'm the meanest of men. "I've argued and scolded and coaxed without

Her answer is always: 'My boy has one frien As long as I live, and your charge is untrue That my heart holds no equal love for you And all the rest. But the one gone astray Needs me the most and you'll find 'tis the way Of all mothers to hold close to the one Who hurts her the most. So love's work

'Now, what can I say to such words as those I'm not convinced, as the history shows, But I often wonder which one is right, As I hear her light step night after night, Here and there to the window and door, As she waits with a heart that is heavy an

wish the boy dead, while she gives her life To save him from sin. There's husband and

> Tom Slug. A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Wood Lots, "This will never do, Tom," said Mr. Benjamin Slug, as he read his son's school-report for another term. "You must really rouse up, or you'll never make a man of yourself,"

Mr. Slug had got on in the world by acting on the motto, 'Labor conquers everything," and thus from an office-boy Justly proud of his own success, and were made up of eleven or twelve rings. his son should follow in his steps. To this end he had put him to the best just taking it out for an airing, or bringschools, and given him every chance of a good education. But the burden of every report was the same : "The lad little things?" asked Tom, has good natural abilities, and would make a splendid scholar had he applica-

There was a picture in his bedroom of field in a wilderness state of briers and thorns, Part of it had been originally nclosed as a vineyard, but it was now covered with nettles, and the vines were verrun with foxes, finding ready entrance by the rnined wall. In one corner of the vineyard was a lodge, the latticed window showing the drowsy keeper within murmuring now and agein; as he turned from side to side : "Yot a little sleep and a little slumber, then will I arise and till my field and trim my vines," In the dim distauce.

the grim, gaunt, hungry-looking figure of Poverty was seen stealthily approaching. Tom often looked at this picture, but hitherto had not fully learned its

He was a thoughtful boy in his way, and sometimes philosophized a bit about his lazy tendencies. Indeed, he was a philosopher in petticoats, for he would ometimes argue to himself in this way

"My name is Slug. Why, it's the name of that slimy, gliding thing on the garden walks! Wonder if the family got its name—as Edward Longshanks got his, from his long legsfrom the slowness of some member re minding people of a slug? If so, how can I help being sluggish?-it's in the

He had vet to learn that people are born into the world like colts, and need breaking-in to be of full use.

The boy was quick with his eyes, however, if slow with his hands and feet. He had picked up a great deal, in this way about beasts and birds and flies and creeping things, On this memorable afternoon he was fresh from a book about the termites or "white ants," found in Africa, which build nests twelve feet high, some on the ground, shaped like pointed haycocks or and smoothed them out; and at last the huge mushrooms, and some in trees, shaped like sugar-casks, with a covered way to them, winding round the trunk, from the ground.

ne as he begged Tom to free himself from the growing slavery of indolence by one grand effort, which made him moved from side to side, and not up feel very miserable and disgusted with and down, like his own. One pair of himself. In this mood he wandered jaws were like toothed seissors, with a into the orchard and threw himself sharp-pointed beak. These, he 'earned, down under a tree. It was a beautiful were to fight with. From the front of summer evening. The slanting sunlight | the head sprang two long-jointed things, barred the grass with long shafts of like a thrasher's fluil, but club-shaped green and gold. Hard by, a little at the end. The guide said these were stream made music as it ran. The air | the most useful things an ant had-arms, was thronged with insects, dancing hand, and nose all in one; and that if away their little day in the sunset hour. Tom could not help feeling the beauty of the scene. And some sense of sweetness would mingle with the hitterness that found vent in his tears. When these had ceased, his eye chanced to fall on a nest of ants, the inmates of which were very busy around him, some

As he watched them, the nest began o grow sensibly bigger, until it seemed as if he could walk up and down in it. Tom thought this was a splendid chance to the nest, was about to enter, when two of the guards rushed out, clashing then one of them went inside and presently returned with a kindly, motherlyand appointed me your guide. Please

step this way." The entrance opened into a kind of hall, which again narrowed into a lobby, The king dies, or is killed off on his rehaving a pillar at the entrance, midway turn, while the queen strips off her fire as she spoke these words, and made between the walls. Seeing Tom look | wings and sets seriously to her life-work | Tom tremble. him it was to make the nest easier of

wonderingly at this pillar, the guide told of laying eggs; and that is how she loses He shuddered at the picture of the defence when attacked. "You see," she said, "a couple of ants Tom turned, and saw two rather ele- ture in his bedroom. Did he really see looked like the ruins of Miramichi by

Passing through this lobby, they came another hall, much larger than the first, with pillars here and there, to sup-

port the roof. "This is the grand assembly-room," said the guide.

Then she led him into another lobby, having a row of cells on each side. They mounted a staircase, and passed through a gallery, which also had rows of cells on each side. There was something, or somebody, in every cell. Now and again, they met a long

string of ants bearing burdens. The leader of one of these-a big-jawed ant siezed Tom with his nippers as they were passing, and would have made them meet in his flesh, had not the guide signaled that he was a friend. Tom might have grown weary with his long tramp, but for some entertain-

ing accounts of other ant neste by the guide. She described one hollowed out of the branches and twigs of a thorn tree for the sake of honey hidden there; another purse-shaped, made by gluing leaves together while on the tree; and another, stranger still, made with dried cakes of refuse, arranged like tiles on the branches of a tree, one large cake forming the roof.

As they came to one cell a joyous company passed out, having among them a large ant of very stately bearing. "The queen! the queen!" cried the

guide. "Isn't she a right noble lady?" Tom took note how very devoted and attentive the ants were to their queen Her body-guard lifted her gently over all rough places; and when the royal party met a troop of working ants, the latter divided and saluted the former as it passed along.

Turning into the cell the queen had ust left they saw the floor covered with the smallest eggs Tom had ever seen. They were scarcely bigger than a pin point. "But come this way," said the guide, "and I'll show you the nursery." This was one of the cosiest cells in the whole nest. Here, ranged against the walls like classes in a school, were rows upon rows of small, white, legless grubs. was either feeding it or washing it, or ing it in.

"Why, they have come out of eggs like those you saw just now; and if spared tion"-a polite way of saying that Tom | will be full-grown ants some day. Now you must see the spinning room." So saying, the guide led across a passage into another cell.

"What in the world are these funny

Here a number of fine fat grubs were spinning gauze dresses for themselves. which were to shroud their bodies from top to toe. A few were spinning an adlitional coat of silk to put over the eauze dress. "These are their nightgowns," said

he guide, "And the moment they are leep for a month or six weeks without

Tom thought that would be nice. The spinning room led to the dormiory. Here Tom saw what at first looked like piles of broken twigs and tiny balls of silk; but when he examined the bits of stick more closely he could trace the face and limbs of an insect through the gauze covering. They looked, for all he world, like the pictured mummies he had seen in books. The guards in the room looked rather savagely at Tom when he entered, but a glance from the

guide made all right. "You need not walk so softly. housand cannon, thundering over them could not rouse them until they had lept their sleep out. As soon as they show the least sign of waking, however, hey will be taken into the next room

To this room they now proceeded The sight Tom saw here interested him much more than anything he had yet een in the ant-world. The floor was strewn with mummy-like forms, and silk balls like those in the room just left; but they were stirring a little, as if alive. Mounted on each one were three or four ants, who carefully assisted the inmates to unwrap themselves; then they took the limbs from their sheaths released prisoner stood up on its six legs, in all the freedom of a full-grown ant. What a change from the little

helpless worm ! Tom examined one of these brandnew ants very minutely. He found the month had two pairs of jaws, which she lost them she was the most helples of creatures. But what wonderful eyes There were five of them altogetherthree arranged in the form of a triangle

on the top of the head, and one on each seemed to be made up of hundreds of told him that one family of ants had | dolence. stings as well as poison-bags.

Tom had observed on the backs of eir jaws so fiercely that he felt quite | some of the ants when unswathed, and |

Tom thought it a most skillful device. raised, making toward the door of the be, did he not change—in these picin time to wish them much happiness, as | guish of heart, at the thought. they flew away through the sunlight

> Tom, seeing himself at the main door again, and thinking he had trespassed quite long enough on the kindness of his ant-friend, turned to thank her, and to send also a message of thanks to the Queen, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, I have a good deal more to show you. You have not seen our cows "Cows, cows? Ants have cows!

ried Tom, in astonishment. "Yes, ants have cows; and if you will step this way you shall see them." Tom obeyed, and they retraced their steps through one of the long corridors. As they went along they met an ant carrying a heavy burden.

"What! busy and I so he guide, and they touch dands as they passed. "That is one of the best workers in the whole hive; she works fifteen hours a day many a time." Presently they came upon a little insect with a tutt of hair on its back, which an ant sucked, and then went away licking its lips, "That is a walking honey-pot," said the guide. 'We keep several in the nest, and when we want a taste we suck them, as you

saw that ant do just now." Tom opened his eyes at this. But he opened them wider when he learned that there were ants who were living honey-jars, who stored up honey and gave it out as required to the other members of the community. Just then a very small ant leaped o

the back of the guide and put its long spider-legs round her neck. "Stennie, Stennie, my little pet, don't quite choke me with your hugs. You see we have pets, as well as cows and living honey-pots," turning to Tom. They had now reached the cow-shed,

connected with the main nest by a covered way. It was built round and over the leaves of a daisy plant which formed the stails for the cows. Tom was looking for a large, fourhe had risen to the head of the firm. They looked like tiny sugar loaves, and legged creature, and when the guide cannot remove it. I am satisfied it is pointed out quite a herd of small, green | not dirt," she continued, evidently judgnsects, he thought she was surely poking fun at him. But these were the ant-cows. For by and by the milknaids came in, went up to the cows and

stroked them very gently until drops of oney fell from them, which they troubled tone. lrank. As Tom stood watching them, he remembered to have seen green insects like these on the rose-trees and gooseberry bushes in his father's garlen, and the thought struck him that what people call honey-dew was the honey dropped by these little creatures. The guide told him, as they walked parted.

away, that there were some ants that grew their own rice and even mush-"Dear me," thought Tom, "ants are as clever as men. Coming to a door that led into the rand hall and looking in, the guide ex-aimed : "Why, the aport" are on and I

did not know." It was a merry scene. At one end was the queen, with all her courtiers round her, watching the games. Here a long double row of ants were playing at thread needle. There a company was dancing; close by were several pairs wrestling and boxing; while many of the youngsters were playing at hide-andseek all round the hall. Suddenly, when the merriment was at its hight, a ery was heard : "To the pillar, to the pillar! The foe, the foe! Seal the

nner doors !" The scene was changed in an instant. The queen had her bodyguard doubled, and was taken off to the royal cell, and sealed up. The keepers of the eggs, the grubs, and the mummies hurried away to their respective cells, and filled up the doorways with clay. The cowkeepers did the same with the entrance to the covered way. All was excitement. When the defenses were completed, all waited the onrush of the enemy. But it proved a false alarm. . One of the outposts had indeed seen a legion of soldier ants in the distance, tending toward the nest. They were simply rounding a hill, however, and then made for a nest of negro ants, intent on making slaves. This was the explanation of a scout, who had been sent out to see how the

thing would turn. Tom was utterly dumfounded when he heard of ant slaves. "Do ants really make and hold

slaves?" he asked, in utter astonish ment, of his guide, "Yes, some; not all. We have no laves, but do all our work ourselves. There is one tribe of ants, the 'Amazons,' great slaveholders; but they do nothing but fight and lounge. They are very brave in war, however, and never take or kill the up-grown ants of a nest, except these try to hinder them from carrying off their young, which they want to bring up and make into slaves. But they have to pay dearly for their

aziness," Tom winced. "They are called the 'Workers;' but hey are just the apports when not fighting. They neither feed nor clean themselves nor their young ones. All this is done for them by slaves, who side. The two last were very large, and actually have to carry them on their backs when they go to a new settlesmaller eyes. Tom tried to count them, ment. In fact they have lost the power repairing the nest, others guarding it but when he had reached a thousand in of doing anything for themselves through one socket alone, he gave it up. Tom having everything done for them and also discovered that each ant had a bag not using the power they had. Their in its hinder part, filled with poison, jaws have lost their teeth, and are now which in fighting it could spurt into simply nippers with which they kill the bodies of its enemies. The guide their foes. And all this results from in-

Tom winced again. Was she pointing

at him? queens, and those without wings, com- slaves, who carry them to the field and then fight by their side, they would On reminding the guide that the never win a battle. There is one other queen they saw a little while ago had no tribe which sloth has plunged into yet wings, she said: "You are quite right, deeper depths of degradation, the Wornbeen pleased to grant you your request | Master Sharp-eyes. But she once had outs. They are the mere pupper maswings, and I'll tell you how she lost ters of their slaves, who have become them. The wings of the king and the real masters. Laziness is a terrible queen are for the wedding-trip only, curse; it can blight the finest powers." The speaker's thousand eyes flashed

her wings. See! there they go for the ants on whom the curse of idleness had the remnants, and when the bachelor fallen. It made him think of the pic- boarder had got done with them they could keep a whole army at bay here," gant-looking ants, with wings half what his future might be-and would moonlight. - Boston Journal.

He and the guide followed just tures? And he groaned aloud, in an-"Tom, Tom, rouse up, my boy! You will get your death of cold sleeping like

> some warm supper. This was Tem's father, who had been seeking him, high and low, for some time, and had found him at last, fast asleep in the orchard.

that in the grass. Come in and get

Tom's adventure in an ant-hill was a dream; yet not all a dream, passing girl just ahead. away with his waking thoughts, like the morning cloud. The last words of his guide rang through his mind for many a day: "Laziness is a terrible curse and can blight the finest powers." It was the turning-point in his life, which suffered as great a change as that which turned the white, legless grub, in his dream, into a light airy insect. It was a new birth. A few months later he went to business, and soon won a character for patient industry which he kept throughout his life.

Roller Skating Rinks.

The Cleveland Leader says: A stylish y-dressed young lady, whose features were concealed by a thick veil, entered the downtown office of a prominent physician yesterday afternoon, and, with some show of nervousness, requested an audience with him. The doctor led the way into his private office, and the fair patient removed her veil, remarking as she did so, "I wish you would tell me what is the matter with my face."

In the dimly-lighted room the physician was unable to find anything wrong. Stepping to the window, the lady said, pointing to the roguish dimples that nature had placed on cheeks and chin and the little creases about the corners of her eyes: "Do you see that? My face looks as though I had been working in a coal mine." Closer inspection showed the physician that the dimples and creases as well as the larger pores in the lady's face were filled with a dark, grimy substance. 'I have scrubbed and worked at that until I am tired, but was about to tell her to take a bath. "I understand," said the doctor, with with a smile: "the roller rink again."

"What do you mean?" she asked in a "Nothing but roller rink dust. That all. It is nothing serious. Try soap and water again and use this solution before retiring at night, and your com-

plexion will be all right again,' "Oh, I am so glad," the lady re marked, as she adjusted her veil and de-"That is the latest feature of the roller

o a reporter who had overheard the conversation with amusement, "That is the second lady who has been to see me with a similar complaint within a

'Why, you see, the dust that rises from the floor of the rink is very fine and penetrating, and when it settles on the Harry," was the general shout, -San skin, dampened with perspiration, it at Francisco Ingleside. once finds its way into the pores,"

He Had the True Kind.

Three or four sessions back there was member of the Michigan Legislature who put in sixty or seventy days of the ession without having a word to say, and it was only at rare intervals that he was recorded as voting for or against bill. His constituents finally sent a delegation to Lansing to poke him up a bit, and after hearing what the gentlenan had to say the member replied: "While I didn't expect no such action

s this, I am fortunately prepared for it, ome over to my room.' The delegation followed him to his om, and the member took down a file of the daily journal, and exhibited about twenty marked paragraphs, every one f them reading:

"And on motion of Mr. Bombee, ombay, the House took a recess." "Yes," said the Chairman of the delea ion, after looking them over, "but this sn't so much. There is no particular isplay of statesmanship."

'Statesmanship! Well, if knowing ough to keep my mouth shut until ening it would do some good isn't the allest kind of statesmanship, not to say aything about wisdom. I'm ready to resign,"-Detroit Free Press

The Amount of Water Trees Absorb.

Dr. J. M. Anders, in a geological survey report, gives the results of his nquiry as to the quantity of water mped from the earth by trees. He inds that the average exhalation from soft, thin leaved plants in clear weather amounts to one and a quarter ounces Troy per day or twelve hours for every square foot of surface. Hence a moderate sized elm trees raise and throws off seven and three-quarter tons of water per day. In the report the facts are applied to what is going on in America. where certain inland fertile districts are wholesale clearings; and in other places, such as the plains of Colorado, where only five or six years of irrigation and planting have already produced a measurable increase of rainfall. It is maintained that the deserts of Syria and Africa are the results of cutting down trees, and that original luxuriance may be restored by skillfr' replanting.

He Didn't Borrow It.

"Hoh !" sniffed the bachelor boarder, "But," she went on, "I know another as his coldly critical eye swept disdainfrightened. He was still more startled, just above the breathing holes, two pairs | tribe, the Roundjaws, who have become | fully over the somewhat frugal breakhowever, when one of them asked him of delicate wings, while the greater num- more helpless still in the same way. fast table: "this is a daisy lay-out, ain't what he wanted. On recovering him- ber had none. He learned, on inquiry, They are even losing their nipping it? Can't you give us a bit of that cold turkey that was left last night?" The boarding mistress glared at him

> a minute or two in a tone of frozen indignation, but the bachelor boarder never turned a hair. Then she gasped once or twice, and remarked with a dime, severely falling inflection: "You forget that it is Lent." "I don't care if it is," the bachelor

man Independent. boarder grumblingly retorted, "I didn't borrow it." And amid the applause that softly

arose from beneath the table the boarding mistress reluctantly brought forth

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS. WHAT WE FIND IN THEM THIS WEEK TO SMILE OVER.

Safe Place-A Pretty Girl's Shot-Had Been Eating Onlons-The Dear Children, Etc., Etc. A PRETTY GIRL'S SHOT. As they were all coming out of the

theatre together young Sypher accidentally trod on the dress of the pretty "Oh, shoo!" involuntarily exclaimed the young girl as she suddenly brought

Young Sypher thought he saw a chance "You needn't shoo me," he simpered,

nartly; "I'm no cow."

glance that pinned him to the side of the lobby, "perhaps not now, but you will be when you grow up." Then she swept on, while young Sypher was so astounded that he actually forgot to light his oakum-stuffed ci-

"No," the pretty girl returned, with

Journal, Frank Minier, a gentleman from Inliana, was seated alongside the driver on a stage going to Brownsville. They were near the Rio Grande. Frank, by the way, had embezzled a lot of money, and was en route to Mexico.

"Is this country safe?" asked Frank of the driver. "Safe! Why, of course it is."

"No robbers?" the highway robbers are afraid to risk their lives in these parts."-Texas Sift.

EATING ONIONS.

"What makes you think they're engaged, Mrs. Quigley? Did her mother tell you?" "No; she hasn't said a word to about it." "Then I suppose her father men-

tioned it to your husband?" "Oh, dear, no." "Well, I give it up, then. you find it out?" "Why, I met them with them a few minutes. They'd both

been eating onions, and I tell you, Mrs. Duckley, a sign like that never fails, They'll be married before three months. or I don't know a mop from a mugwump,"-Chicago Ledger, THE BEAR CHILDREN Deacon Bucrag addressed the Sunday school children as follows:

"I will tell you a story, dear children, Little Harry was a real good little boy. out his brothers Tom and George were bad and thoughtless. One day, while skating craze," remarked the physician passing the house of a poor widow. Tom and George began to throw stones at her cat. Little Harry reminded them | Christianly wages. The law of supply that this was very wrong, and remonstrated so earnestly that presently they stopped throwing stones at the cat, and Tom and George then did?" "Began to throw stones at little

> WORKED BOTH WAYS, Why are you like the moon, Nickup," said his friend Batee, "I give it np," answered Niekup. "Well, because with good nature," said Bates, and he looked toward the bar, "That ain't

bad; I'll just tell that to my wife when I get home," said Nickup, and then he winked at the bartender and told him to "set 'em up again." "Mary," said he, as he tumbled into bed that evening, "Why am I like the moon?" "What is it ?" she sharply asked. He repeated the question, "Because you are full every month in

him, - Chicago Tribune, THE RETORT COURTEOUS. Woman's cruelty to woman has made honsands fail to speak to each other. Cicely had just dropped in to congratulate her friend on pleasant prospects

directly after Lent. "Oh, I am so glad for you, my dear, Augustus always was such charming company. Oh, he's real nice. He paid me marked attentions half a dozen years

"Indeed! I believe I've heard him say something about your being a very dear friend of his mother." The coffee cream froze in the little quaint pitcher on the table. So did the morning's conversation. - Hartford

IN THE LEGISLATURE. "Mr. Speaker, I arise to place it nomination a man, sir, what we all know, sir, to be a man what ain't got no peer nowhar. We all know that he is more than qualified, sir, for the position, for I sarved with him durin' the be so administered that it shall not damn wah, sir; he will not only represent the | the lowly and the ignorant, but shall ingreat partee, but, sir, the entire State. Durin' the dark and bloody days when the pale face of hunger put its bloody hand on the heart of the nation he was the gory wolf by the lappels of his seem colder the moment they enter it, shirt and shook him until he loudly and neutralize all the good they try to becoming converted into deserts by begged for mercy."—Arkansaw Trav- do by the repelling air with which they wholesale clearings; and in other places

> "Good-by, I shan't see you again for six weeks." Little Nellie Lowerton : "Why, are you going away?" "Yes, We is all going away to Aunt Harriet's in the country. We's going to skate, and sleighride, and have quilting bees, and country dances, and tea parties, and oh, lots of fan," "But why can't you all stay in the city and have a nice | Lord at any moment, at any turn in the time just the same?" "Why, don't you | road. Dangers, shipwreeks, wild beasts know? It's Lent, and it's wicked to were nothing; they would but bring have fun where people can see you,"-Philadelphia Call. IT WOULDN'T PAY.

LITTLE EDITH DPPERTON.

Through the telephone; "Is that you, doctor?"

"Yes, who is it?" shall I do for baby? He has swallowed the strongholds of iniquity, "Well, you surely don't want to spend two dollars to get a dime, do you!" and the telephone ceased working, -New- of God with an immortal destiny, Let

EASILY PROVEN. "I want to get rid of my partner," remarked the mean man to a lawyer. "Who is he?"

"My brother. I want to prove that he has a bad reputation." that he is your brother.'

THE SUNDAY FIRESIDE. RERIOUS THOUGHTS AND REFLEC-

cecher on the Unfolding of Man-Low Wages and Immorality-Ways of Doing Good, Etc., Etc.

LOW WAGES CAUSE IMMORALITY. The Rev. Dr. De Costa on Sunday deivered a sermon on the subject of "Wages," selecting as his text Malachi,

not appear to have given rise to any very young man here, the only son of a wid-serious difficulties. The dangers of the owed mother, and a general favorite in poverty begotten of low wages are in- social circles, caught the "Arctic fever," temperance and crime, common alike to and against the protests of his family men and women. As illustrations of and friends joined one of the relief exsands of needle-women in New York city, whose miserable lives can best be rstand by reading Hood's "Song of

the Shirt.' Thousands of young girls are em-ployed in various establishments who garette when he got outside, -- Boston for the mere pittance of a dollar a week, attired in a convict garb, are on their into the darkness, as they were on feet from morning until night. And sure, to certain death. The remaining the converse of the conver

> yet it cannot be denied that high wages give men at least a chance to be honest. Men say that all these matters are governed by the universal law of supply and demand, but this is an inhuman law and demand, but this is an inhuman law and humanity will annul it. Thank by being told that the person of whom God it is not so universally observed as she asked had been cast away in a far it is believed. There are men in New | country among savage tribes who had York city, merchants, who could reduce nursed him tenderly through a long their office expenses fifty per cent., yet | illness; that he was still weak, but was they refuse to profit by the misfortunes on the road to health. Almost beside and poverty of their fellows, and all berself, the poor mother tried in vain to honor to them for their nobility of convert her family to her belief. Findcharacter. Only through the instrumentality of such men as these can the salvation of our country be worked out. In this age industry is falling into the hands of a few men, who, by a tap upon the wire, can disarrange the whole system or machine of labor. Yet what the use of denouncing corporations when you all belong to them, oppressing all you can, squeezing all you can? The nfluence of the government should be invoked to the aid of labor, for this gov-

so boisterously proclaimed, why let and demand is the great lever by which the rich oppress the poor. This law, one of eternal justice, destroyed the de-Practical Christianity alone can solve his question. Homes there are enough and to spare. Shall we not have them? Surely at last the Father will hear his

BEECHER ON THE UNFOLDING OF MAN. The general theme of Mr. Beecher's sermon on Sunday, was the development Speaking of the liberty your face is always bright and beaming which a man has to enjoy himself as he pleases, Mr. Beecher alluded to horse "I don't think that horse racing hurts the horse," he said. "but it hurts the man a good deal. Some people urge that the men who are developing horses ought not to be interfered with t is very poor economy to feed horses with young men. I hold that everything that makes it proper to open publie schools and churches, everything that makes morality in law and morality in public procedure, everything of These gambling dens in New the year," she answered and crushed York and Brooklyn, these pools on the race track, which are now the worst form of gambling, are to be condemned by public sentiment, and no false apeals made to our reason or our magnaimity should be permitted to weigh with us one single moment. They are bad; the men who administer them are ot good; their consequences are mischievous. And though, in the abstract, there is no more harm in running one horse against another than there is in running one boy against another boy, we are warned by experience that unless they are carefully administered horse ces, as an institution may improve the breed of horses by deteriorating the

breed of men. "It isn't true," cried a man in the "What isn't true?" answered Mr. Beecher, while everybody turned and

looked for the interrupter. There was no response, and the man, whom nobody knew, remained quiet. "I say it is true," cried Mr. Beecher, nd I repeat it with thundering emphasis, [Applause.] I sympathize with everything that enlarges the liberty of mankind; but I insist that liberty shall spire them and lift them. CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS AND FAITH

Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton: A smile a fonic to all that see it, while a olemn, sour face drives away everyfound to be as true as steel, an grabbed | body. Some Christians make the room religion like that which they profess. It is the happy, cheerful Christian's face which attracts them and makes them feel that such a religion amounts to omething and ought to be theirs. If Christianity robs us of our joy, then our religion is useless. We may not be able to go through life with the full faith that Paul had. He lived at the dawn of Christianity; it was the romance of his early life; he expected to meet his him more quickly to his Master, are not so close to Christ as Paul was then; he could have shaken hands with Him, he lived so near. But faith is going down somewhat in this nineteenth century. We cannot keep Christ in sight; neither could Paul if he lived tolay. Still, rejoice in your faith. I see "Mrs. Merony. Oh, doctor, what Christianity everywhere pulling down Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. His cross is the only source of moral regeneration; it bestows blessings and hope, and makes man a child us then shed abroad in this community joy and happiness by our lives. If we have been healed, let us communicate of our health, not of disease. This is

what the world needs and looks for, ONE WAY OF DOING GOOD.

ly given material benefits. "The bas-ket," he said, "that you bring on your arm is perfectly understood. When you soothe the sick child's pain and care-fully arrange its bedding that is charity n the fullest sense of the word. If a beggar comes to your door do not give him money. If he wants food, give it him; if he is cold, warm him, and then put him to work in your woodshed, or cellar, or back yard. If he is able to beg he is able to work. Sir Robert Peel was one of the most benevolent men in England, but he never gave a penny to the wandering poor. Many people say: 'But, you should not talk like this to me; we have no poor in our church,' Then it cannot be a very good church.' church. The house of God should always have poor people in it. And the greatest necessities for charity have to be hunted for among those who do not

seem to suffer from poverty."

In concluding, Prof. Cushman said:
"Do charity delicately. You who are bakers, or grocers, or butchers, when you sell a poor man one pound of substance, take his money, so as not to offend his independence, but could you not give him two pounds? It will never harm him, and at the final balancing of your accounts it will be placed to your credit."

STILL LOOKING FOR THE LOST. Mother Who Will Not Believe Her Son

On the subject of wages, said Dr. De Costa, the Bible does not say a great deal, but that to the point. Indeed, in early times the question of wages does overwork and underpay I will notice the peditions. For a time all went well, but postmen, who in all sorts of weather ful- as has so often happened, the ships were fil their arduous duties, and the thou- frozen in and the men were forced to take to the ice to make their way out, On their dreary march to the nearest station, a cake of ice on which the Springfield boy happened to be was de-tached from the main floe and he was carried out to sea. His comrades were unable to rescue him and he drifted off into the darkness, as they were only too boys do this same work for even less. of the party arrived safely at their des-Yet they are learning a business, preparing for the future. Do we ever remember for what these girls are being prepared? It is the curse of low wages which fills houses of ill-repute and crowds to overflowing charitable institutions.

On the party arrived sately at their description of the party arrived sately at their description. As soon as possible the news of the young man's loss was sent to his mother, but she obstinately refused to believe that he was dead. Her faith was strengthened by the arrival, some months later, of a letter her son the Christmen day. tions all over the country. As a case in | had written her on the Christmas day point I will read some figures—for the | preceding the abandonment of the ships, first time made public, I believe-of an | in which he spoke confidently of being of these, previous to their fall, 534 had reached her. As it had been sent by a

ceiving \$20 weekly. Is further proof needed?

It is often said that high wages will not cure these evils and that persons possessing ample revenues often steal; the knowledge of her family, she went to a "medium" who happened to be in Springfield at the time and consulted her as to the whereabouts of an absent ing it impossible to shake her faith in her son's existence by argument, they But while in Boston she once more visited a clairvoyaut, who, strangely enough, confirmed the statements of th former medium. This one described in dramatic terms, first, a young man picked up in mid-ocean by a passing vessel; then a port in a distant land ships in a harbor, figures in strange costumes moving about the streets, speakrnment can afford to be just, and if not ing a foreign language, a small house t should be whipped into justice. If near the water, in it the same wouth, this new administration means to carry once more recovering from a severe ill but one-tenth the reforms which it has ness and longing for home, but unable

> Of course, after this second experience, it was useless to try further diversion, even had the broken-hearted woman not insisted upon returning home to be ready in case any news of the expedition to come to Springfield and let the mother hear from his own lips the story of her son's disappearance, hoping that in this manner she might be convinced that he was really dead. The kind-hearted captain came and told the sad story, and for a while the mother seemed to accept the inevitable. But the old belief soon resumed its sway, and she is again watching and waiting for tidings that can never come.

Some Really Queer Customs.

Masai, as described by Mr. Joseph Thompson in the account of his recent travels in Africa, are, to put it in the mildest language, most peculiar, and a whole chapter is devoted to the description of them. Their usual mode of salutation on meeting is to spit in one another's faces, the more copious the expectoration the greater the friendship; and Mr. Thompson, having been voted a great medicine man, was expected to heal diseases in this way; but so great was the demand on his salivary organs

that he could only satisfy his patients by taking repeated draughts of water. Equally strange is the custom of all the unmarried men and women living in the villages together, while the married folks live by themselves; these latter are allowed to eat what they like, but the unmarried ones may only eat meat and drink milk. As soon as a man marries he ceases to be a warrior, and has to tend the herds of cattle. He is no more allowed to join in eattle raids, or that extermination of his neighbors which is continually going on, and which seems to be the greater delight hat the young Masai is capable of enjoying; and it is probably because they would have to forego the pleasures of rapine and bloodshed that these amiable people decline entering into the state of matrimony, which, after all, is a mere orm, for virtue, as we understand it, is

inknown to them. They have certainly a kind of religion, but very little even of that, and seem to lave no belief in a future, as all dead podies are thrown to the hyenas, who are so encouraged by being thus continually fed that if no one should die to provide them with a feast, they help hemselves to the living by taking the children out of the huts.

The Tale Bearer.

HOW TO DEAL WITH SCANDAL-MONGERS OF BOTH SEXES.

We think, says an exchange, tale pearers may be divided into two classes: Those who carry ill news out of malice. and those who retail it for want of other entertainment. It is difficult to decide which is the most inexcusable or the less vicious. We have heard women called "merely thoughtless" who would deliberately elaborate some harmless fact until it assumed proportions dangerous to the peace and These "merely thoughtless women" usually board. They have small, weedy brains, and divide their time between fancy work and tattling. They do a blackmailing business, too, on a small scale, and wreak vengeance for supposed slights on inoffensive friends, There is but one way to deal with such persons—rise superior to them, Owen Meredith calls the world "a net-

tle," and gives the sage advice "avoid

it or crush it." We think the first

method the better of the two. Avoid the seandal monger. But we hear some one say, "Of course

you are speaking of women; men never bear tales or gossip." Not so fast. There is not much difference in sex when we come down to every-day trials and joys of life. Busy men don't go sip; busy women don't bear tales. Kind Professor Le Grand B. Cushman, in a men bind up wounded hearts, and kind ecture, urged that moral culture was women heal them. It doesn't make much "That is easy enough, You can say the real need of the poor, but it must difference whether it is a man or woman, come from some one who had previous- when the intention to injure is there,"